

THE
HEALING POWER

HELEN MARY BOULNOIS

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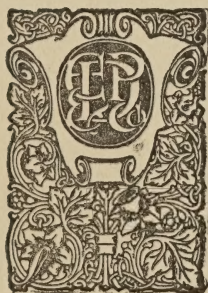
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THE HEALING POWER

BY
HELEN MARY BOULNOIS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
T. TROWARD



NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 FIFTH AVENUE

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Printed in the United States of America

FOREWORD

The argument is in no way aimed against medical science. This little book is primarily intended to help people to help themselves, but also to help them to help their physicians. Able men for centuries have devoted deep study and the strength of their lives to the understanding of sickness and health. They are instruments, and powerful instruments, for good in the scheme of the world. Never would we belittle the skill and usefulness of their modern surgery, nor "that mystery of healing" they have learned "that lies hid among the green things of God."

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INTRODUCTION

No words of mine are required to emphasize the message so clearly given in this little book.

There is at the present time a very general awakening to the great truth that man is a spiritual being—that that self-consciousness which in each of us expresses itself by the words “I am” is the self-recognition of a spiritual entity; and coupled with this there is the recognition of the fact that the whole world of external phenomena has great spiritual laws of causation behind it.

No doubt these are fundamental truths, and for this very reason it is the more important to guard against their misapprehension. The misapprehension which appears in some of the teaching of the present day is in the failure to see that the innermost being, which is the “I am” in each of us, must be derived from a yet higher source of similar consciousness—in a word, that how-

ever great may be the powers latent in the human soul, they require the guidance of a Supreme Intelligence for their right use, and the inflowing of a Supreme Life for their maintenance and increase. If this is omitted we have got only a half-truth, which is proverbially a dangerous thing.

These are the two opposite ways of looking at our spiritual nature—the right- and left-hand paths respectively, and the contest of the future must necessarily be between these two modes of thought. As soon as we realize the truth of our spiritual being we find ourselves compelled to take one side or the other, for there is no intermediate way. Therefore was Christ manifested, that we should have a firm foundation on which to realize our Divine Sonship, and so take up our right position in relation to the Father of our spirits—an attitude of worship, reverence, trust, and love. They are the sons of God who are led by the Spirit of God (Rom. viii. 14), for they become partakers of the Divine nature (II Peter 14). When we recognize our spiritual nature on this basis we need set no limits to the possibilities of our development, as Christ Himself tells us

in His parable of the return of the prodigal son to the Father, where the shoes symbolize the basis, or standing-ground, of the new development, the robe its clothing of the whole personality, and the ring the authority given to the son in the house of his Father.

The rapidly multiplying literature on psychological subjects implies in every instance one of two positions—faith in God giving rise to worship, or practical atheism. Even if the book be purely scientific, not touching the higher spiritual question, but dealing strictly with the observation of phenomena, still the reader must necessarily adapt the knowledge thus acquired to his own mental attitude, and it is therefore with much pleasure that I commend the present volume as one belonging to the literature of the Right-hand Path.

T. TROWARD.

THE HEALING POWER

*Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all
their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.*

BISHOP KEN.

THE HEALING POWER

CHAPTER I

THE INNER SELF

THERE is a great power of healing in this world of ours. It is the force of life working invisibly within each one of us.

What is it makes me "I"? Every one is "I" to themselves. There must be but few who have never said to themselves: "Why am I, I? What made me 'I' instead of some one else's 'I'?"

Idle questions, that no man can answer.

Yet, until we learn life's mastery, each one of us is the tool of this unknown power of life, expressing itself through our bodies.

Is our "I" and our inner power of life identical? Or are we tossed and pushed by something even more intimate, more masterful, within us than that which each one of us calls "myself"? For instance, there is the

fact that every one we meet is either attracted or repelled by us, and that we are attracted or repelled by them. There is the further fact that where we find ourselves repelling, we are losing force, strength and health; while where we find ourselves attracting we increase in health, strength and force. Here there are two powers, working within ourselves for and against us—the power of attraction and power of repulsion.

Yet how is the knowledge of this to assist us; for who can help their likes and dislikes?

Then is there an “I” within us, to whom we do not dictate? An essential being, who makes our very ego; and yet is not under control?

Can we attain to the ruling of this inner identity? Can we live so closely in touch with the unseen power of life, making of us its channel, that we shall no longer be slaves, driven, it seems, sometimes by caprice—but make of this power our chosen comrade, our help-mate? Can we learn to strengthen the forces that work to the healing of our lives? Can we expel with a firm heart those impulses that threaten (not from without but from within) to wreck our happiness?

Our likes and dislikes seem to rise from unknown depths within us, make their presence felt, declare our good and our evil. At such moments we feel the presence of an inner identity, feel its insistent pressure and hear its tones.

That still voice, whose tones rarely rise to the surface, is speaking, silently, unheard, all the time within us without any cessation. It is sending messages to and fro throughout our body, whether we sleep or wake, whether we walk or lie, whether we are ill or well, whether we are aware of its influence or whether we are not. It is not only silently directing—it is implicitly obeyed by every nerve, pulse-beat, vein in our bodies. It rules us for happiness or misery, for health or ill-health.

Most of us have seen some woman blossom into unexpected beauty because she is happy. This is a common manifestation of power resident in herself. There is nothing we can see in some man who has appeared in her life to make her glow with softened yet radiating charm of life and beauty. He has cast no spell upon her. He has simply given her an honest affection. Yet emotions of

gladness, raised in her, have sent messages over her body, so that not only her mind is elevated but its visible manifestation becomes incorporate in health and beauty.

And why is there bodily relief and refreshment in happiness—physical discomfort in misery?

Is it not that when happy we feel a strain removed? That everything becomes more natural? We seem to be more the whole self, to be expanding, growing, developing? Our inheritance is reached, or being reached. We are nearing the fulness of being.

Outside causes of happiness are taken as examples; because every thinking man knows how his own health and the health of those around him is swayed and influenced by that subtle electricity, called happiness. He knows that depression caused by misery is likely to affect the body. And yet we cannot shun grief; and no suggestion has yet been given of assisting the body, except by that external condition of happiness which is not under the direct control of most human beings to command for themselves.

But it is more so than most of us believe.

Let us return to that hidden ego, which

dictates—often justly—our likes and dislikes, warns or encourages. It is the most deep-seated part of us that we can recognize. It is the inmost “I.”

We have seen that external happiness will set it favourably in action to work for good and bless us with benefits.

Can we without the accidental interference of things beyond our grasp influence this inner self, so that in turn it may influence us to our greater happiness, health and prosperity?

It is our aim to prove the possibility of an inward happiness—a source that can be unfailingly tapped, in trying moments, as well as in successful ones.

Ills may be many and varied; but there is only one power of health and healing in the world—the inner uprush of life, driving physical evils out before it, and, in spite of poverty, sorrow or suffering, renewing one's being at its source.

Doctors strive to eliminate all that interferes with this natural flow of life; but no doctor can place it there when absent.

A certain creative and re-creative power is, however, the natural inheritance of man,

if he but employ his free-will rightly in the choice of thought.

It is useless attempting once and for all authoritatively to state that the inside "I" is to be different in future. It would pay not the slightest heed.

But by constant self-suggestion, by feeding this essential self with good thought, with gentle, restful thought, by nourishing its strength and vitality indirectly through the action of the mind, we can lead it into such paths of peace that the whole being, nourished at its centre, will right its wrongs, increase in vigour, come round like a stricken ship on firm helm and sail forth on seas—calm or turbulent—secure in its own good foundations.

Gradually, slowly but very surely, the essential self adjusts itself. As in the outside happiness spoken of earlier, so do we feel a strain removed. Everything becomes more natural. We seem to be more the whole self—to be expanding, growing, developing.

Little by little outer circumstances succumb to the quiet inward strength. Sickness is replaced by positive health. Poverty is ousted. Even the suffering caused by others

takes a more just level: and our own quiet, inner attitude, silent and unobtrusive, commands the immediate world.

Yet with what thought is it best to comfort, feed and lead this spirit deep within the breast?

That is a question for each one of us as human souls to answer.

First know, deep within, what we truly believe. Then take that Bread of life, eat of it, nourish the inner self, and as we do, so shall we grow, not only in inward grace, but also in bodily, external health, strength and vigour.

CHAPTER II

SOME BREAD IN LIFE

THERE are few of us in moments of travail, in bodily or mental distress, who can go out on to nature's broad breast, wandering over fields, moors, woods or cliffs without feeling some message, some balm from the Great Spirit, thus visibly manifesting His creation.

It is at such moments that the spring of life within seems renewed by something greater than itself—something external, yet infinitely internal. Now is the time to pause, to draw breath and—not idly to repeat—but to know: "The Spirit of God hath made me. The breath of the Almighty hath given me life."

And the spirit within will be conscious of relief, because it will be resting in its own Divine Source.

And what is this spirit?

We came—we know not whence. We go—

we know not whither. But there is no savage so savage, no poor and outcast so poor and outcast, but far inside himself he does not know that the life within, often so storm-tossed, is deeper, larger, finer than the circumstance of the moment, harassing and tormenting him.

Does this inner depth exist?

Does it cry out at the injustice of life? Does it ask for larger spheres in which it may have scope?

If we know this inner existence, we know our own spirit; and there is but one way to give it the nourishment it craves. We may try to tempt it with outward circumstances, to soothe it with toys that seem to bring happiness to others; but the spirit within will never find its central spot, nor its own activity for which it hungers, until allied with forces greater than itself.

Forces exist. Such forces as justice, generosity, love. They tower above us. We may try to elude them. They are there. And when we obey and use them we are never these things themselves. We are the channels through which they pass.

It is useless to call to outward things to

help us in distress. First call in to our own deepest depth. Find the one suffering in the breast, as a little child suffers. Ally it to the One, who alone can comfort it; and ally it by realizing we are not alone.

Each one of us is a spark from the Eternal Fire. Each one is a life from the One Life. Through us the All-Father is hurt. The Spirit of Life, which makes of us a channel, is injured by our injury. And yet how little injured! Life itself sweeps on, regardless of the falling leaves. That Life is in us—ours so long as we are alive. Use it! Let the leaves fall. Life eternal is the essence of being, of the being of all those whom we love. The seeming appearance of the moment passes. Let the leaves fall! While we stand firm on this everlasting foundation of Life. Live in this spirit. Be conscious of this spirit. Do not believe in immortality; but—if only for the space of a moment—be immortal.

We can use this talisman on the car, in the subway, on the pavement, as we wait for admittance outside a door. We can keep a strong, inspiring thought ready at call.

“The Spirit of God hath made me!” Or

if this does not suit, search for one's own thought. No one but the own self can ever know its inmost comfort. Having found it—do not fear reiteration. The spirit within works slowly, but will feed and expand upon this thought, throwing new light into the mind, new vigour into organs and limbs, as surely as it is fed.

It is true that willing comrade, the spirit, keeps going all the time. It would see us out to the end of our days; but in what sort of way, if starved and neglected?

To take a practical example: Perhaps we tire easily. Do not wait till tired, but remind ourselves on waking that the essence of being is of spirit, and that spirit does not tire, that its supply is not cut off, it is ours to take. And as we set forth, remind ourselves again that it is by the power of spirit that we move, using its elasticity, its freshness. Even if we are strong, be strong with a strength greater than our own.

Yet this quietly growing change, this happiness of the inward spirit, is not a patent medicine. It is impossible to write prescriptions for headache or lung trouble. For any specific complaint it may be well to consult

a doctor; but this can be confidently affirmed: his treatment is more likely to progress favourably with those who are steadily set upon finding that health and peace, undoubtedly within them, that the world knoweth not, and is powerless to give or take away.

Moreover in the steady growth of inward spirit that will certainly follow on quiet affirmations, many troubles of the flesh will slip away almost imperceptibly. We need not force the pace, but apply the new-found knowledge to every kind of trouble that may beset. Slip for one instant back to the very centre of being. Acknowledge the source. Perplexity may be bodily or mental; but a fresh stream of life—though it may not instantly nor miraculously sweep away the obstacle—will give us in ourselves an impetus to come up successfully against it.

This does not mean that we shall have to struggle more. Probably far less.

Should an engine find itself trying to make way in a ploughed field, how exasperatingly futile would be its efforts. Every fresh strain would only plunge it deeper in the yielding soil. Yet with what sense of power, what ease could it push its way when once

on the rails! This is the difference between working on own-power and on God-power. That moment, spent in realizing the inner self, hidden in Him, will set us on the rails. We shall no longer be pushing and striving, but letting free the chafed spirit within us to do its own chosen work.

And with every little achievement, even with the attempt, a new sense of happiness and peace arises in the heart.

Too often this sense of peace has been preached as something essential for the next world, but quite unpractical in any application to this. No falser doctrine was ever uttered. It is here and now that the expanding spirit will better every condition of life. "Now are we the sons of God."

Enter into this consciousness. Call ourselves this splendid name, as we go off to business in the morning. Taste now the living goodness of our God.

Live now in the eternal habitation. It is ours. It is springing to life and joy deeply within our own aching breast.

What makes us sad? It is because this life is longing to burst from its prison walls.

But we have lost a dear one? He may

have gone beyond these limitations, and yet be nearer than we think.

Know that we are truly alive—through our own immortality feel his—and the separation of his death will not so tightly encompass us.

Two immortalities are with us: Life and Love. We cannot breathe without reflecting life. We can never be so miserable that we do not know love.

Possibly one of the two may teem for us with more thought, power and electricity than the other. An instant's reflection will tell which will be the stronger force.

Use that force. It is the healer. We are of course using it; but let us use it consciously.

In sickness or in pain, that force in the brain will relieve us. "Life! Life! I am alive."

Feel it stinging and singing through nerves and sinews.

And Love:

"He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Realize love.

Reflect love from our Maker. Know the

true self encompassed by His everlasting love; and pass it largely to His creatures.

Immortality will well up and surge within us, blessing us as it comes, blessing others as we pass upon our way.

CHAPTER III

SELF AND OTHERS

THE charge might be brought that so far this little book has dealt too intimately with Self. Cheery people with an open glance upon the good of others might condemn it as self-centred.

But it need not be so. Indeed, for the true adjustment of that inward self, it must not be so.

The gifts of the spirit cannot be placed under a bushel, nor be hid in a napkin. Like other fire, deprive them of the opportunity of shining and they will soon be extinguished.

The ego at rest within its own breast, nourished and happy, is not only content in itself, but is better attuned, more helpful to others; and as we receive so must we give. It is the only way to renew supply.

If we give sense of life wherever we go, life itself will pour freely into and from us.

There are people who are more invigorating than mountain air to meet. We want them when we are ill. We cling to them in sorrow.

Be one of those people.

We cannot do it of ourselves. Our own strength, our own cheeriness will carry very little way; but deep within we are reflecting something infinitely greater. Seek that strength, employ it, knowing that it is stronger, sweeter, more everlasting than anything we can be alone and unaided.

There are Forces of Love, Gentleness, Courtesy, waiting to make us their channel.

Dip deeply into this well, springing up within our own breasts to everlasting life.

"Courtesy costs nothing!" How often one hears it said, almost as if in excuse for deeds of kindness. Courtesy is to be had for the taking. Take it and use it. This is daily bread to be taken and eaten. Eaten for the sustenance and support of our own spirit—the Heavenly Bread that no man can break, unless his neighbour be there to share it.

Yet, if dealing with one's own bodily suffering, it may seem as if a great deal of

thought and healing power is being brought to bear, perhaps too exclusively, upon the self.

It is not so.

It is very meet, right and our bounden duty to summon the forces of Life and Love into the one channel under our immediate control.

The body is given us for direct tillage. We have to let the Breath of Life pass through and vivify this dust of the earth; and first show forth the power of Spirit through the garment that God has given us. Nor are we doing this to ourselves alone.

Every time the body is lifted and raised into higher, spiritual vibration, we have lifted, not only the self, but humanity.

A problem is being solved for all; and so much nearer are we knit each to the other than we in our blindness see, that the whole race consciousness is raised by the effort of one of its members.

Each time the Light of God shines through our limbs, shines through our life, humanity is benefited. Those around us are doubtless lifted by the mere fact that we are letting the Light shine through us. Such people are

sought—not because they are telling of things that others may not be ready to hear—but because good works are imperceptibly becoming visible, and, all unknown to themselves, they draw others to their Father in Heaven, Who is thus manifesting Himself.

Nothing is more infectious than cheeriness, unless it is depression. And the cheery man is building up, making, achieving, whatever he may be at, if he is only sweeping a crossing; while the grizzler is breaking down, lowering, destroying, not only his own health and happiness, but the health and happiness of those who use his crossing.

Yet there can be an aggressive cheerfulness, the outcome of loud animal spirits, that can be more depressing to weaker brethren than any melancholy. It is the wrong cheerfulness. It is founded on accident, and may collapse at any moment. It is built on shifting, human sand; it does not rest on the Divine rock. The right cheerfulness is not noisy, nor aggressive. It does not bubble up suddenly and collapse. It is not of the body; but of the deathless spirit.

The moment that we become a channel for this cheerfulness we relieve not only our-

selves but others; for it is replete with strong healing power.

So many ills in life go to make up a great ill. Every one knows how the right kind of cheerfulness not only helps but sometimes heals these little ills.

Furthermore, so soon as we carry a smiling face of strong and steady cheer, so soon do we possess positive, magnetic personality.

The smiling flower-girl sells more than her roses. And when active, positive good is thus spread, we reach a state of being which not only adds to strength, but makes us less receptive and open to ill.

If we are so placed by circumstances of life that we can do nothing else for others, be cheerful, and we are helping every living creature that we meet.

This cheerfulness is ours. Ours by the presence of the spirit, deep-seated in the breast.

That spirit within us is infinitely loving. It wants to love. We are starving it, if we do not let it love. Half the time that we form a dislike it is because the spirit within us wants to love, and is disappointed because it cannot.

Dislike is a weak, poor, negative force. It takes its strength—and it can be strong—from thwarted love.

Perhaps where love is thus thwarted and hurt, it should turn to pity, instead of dislike.

Not the world's pity—but Divine pity.

CHAPTER IV

A FEW WORDS ON THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND

UNHAPPILY a slovenly use of the word subconscious has arisen. One constantly hears the word glibly employed where in past time the word "unconscious" would have been simply and correctly used; because in many cases the speaker is alluding to the unconscious action of the exposed or known portion of the brain. But the subconscious lies far deeper, and is safely hidden—as its name denotes—from the consciousness of man.

The theory is that the mind of man is as a coral island. One portion is above the sea and plainly visible. Although this is what one might call the island, it is only a point, an upfling of a great structure of reef, most of which remains unknown, beneath the surface of the water. There is an unknown tract of mind in man, as with the submerged coral

reefs. It has been aptly termed the subconscious mind.

Yet another way to realize the theory is to imagine the mind as a round object, split into two hemispheres. The first portion, or hemisphere, is provided with an opening door, setting it at the service of its owner. Into this one can enter as into a cupboard, putting in and taking out recollections and knowledge as we require them, according to storage power, to individual tidiness and energy. The portion, in fact, familiar and well known as the mind.

But behind that hemisphere is another with locked door, to which no man can fit a key. Into this veiled, shut mind passes indelibly and for ever every single scene, word, act of our lives, there to be impressed, never to be forgotten; yet closed.

Three examples are commonly given of the rare revelation of this hidden mind to the human consciousness.

The first is that moment, common to many of us, of fancying a thing has happened previously. The occurrence comes to us with a certain staleness; sometimes mercifully, in the case of a shock. Words uttered have

been heard before. Things seen were seen already. Somewhere, somehow, one knew all about it before it occurred.

The front hemisphere, or conscious portion of the brain, has been momentarily lulled (possibly through shock or merely through fatigue), so that the back, or hidden portion of the mind, unknown to oneself, has grasped the situation; and it thus comes to the front hemisphere (of which alone one is conscious) with an inevitable sense of staleness, or rather of previous earlier knowledge.

The second revelation is in that moment sometimes recorded by the dying; especially by those who have nearly succumbed to drowning. A moment, in which, like a flash of lightning illuminating a whole landscape on a dark night, they see every detail, hear every spoken word, recollect every act of their lives, and, incredible as it may appear, know all these things instantaneously and not (as we alone can know them) in sequence. The rending of the veil, concealing the back hemisphere, and thus bringing the hidden portion of the mind to consciousness, offers an explanation of this phenomenon.

Lastly there are the phenomena of unusual memory, clairvoyance, recollection long-lost and revealed under hypnotism, marvellous reckoning powers, etc. An example may be cited in the well-authenticated story of the German servant girl, who, while ill and 'delirious, repeated long stanzas of Latin and Greek, languages with which she was utterly unfamiliar. This occurrence was traced back to the fact that, as an orphan child, she had sat in the kitchen of the village priest, nursing her doll by the open door, while on wet days he paraded the corridor, repeating lines from his favourite poets, little thinking that the words were being indelibly impressed on the unknown portion of the unheeding child's ever attentive, hidden mind.

But there is a farther field than that of which we have been speaking, for the activities of the hidden mind. Scientists and doctors for many years have spoken of "unconscious cerebration."

It is the task of some hidden portion of our brains to guard and guide our internal organization. Consciously we tell our limbs to run or walk, sit or lie. Some unconscious

portion of the brain directs circulation, digestive organs, and regulates all those intricate movements perpetually occurring in the body; of which we are often only first aware when they happen to get out of order.

This busy mind, happily closed to consciousness, is alert night and day. Like Him that keepeth Israel, it neither slumbereth nor sleepeth; but works "unhasting, unresting" for weal or woe so long as we are alive.

But it would be useless, unkind, ignorant to go to a sufferer and say: "It is your mind that makes you ill."

That part of the mind of which he is conscious, and which he has been in the habit of regarding as the whole of his mind, is comparatively innocent in the matter, and very naturally he would indignantly repudiate the remark.

Now it may well be asked: "If that mind to which we must appeal for help and support is submerged from consciousness, how are we to avail ourselves of its powers?"

Emotion strikes right through the mind, both conscious and subconscious, just as a shock of dynamite upon the coral island might be felt in every corner of the reef, and

brings forth result, not only in the realm of that mind of which we are aware, but to the uttermost corners of that submerged mind that rules our physical being. This may be known to every one who has seen another turn pale with fear, blush with self-consciousness, redden with rage, or turn sick at an unpleasant sight or story.

Anger in the nursing mother may poison her babe; and Sir Samuel Baker tells us that any severe grief in certain parts of Africa is almost sure to be succeeded by fever.

In fact, though the hidden mind is dumb, though it gives no message, makes no sound, and can work through the average lifetime without letting the consciousness of its possessor be aware of its presence, yet it is alive to all that goes on, hears all, feels all, and is influenced not only by every emotion, but by every thought that passes through the conscious mind; and unfailingly passes that message into the body.

What hurts? What meets us constantly on this life's journey, hinders, burns, torments?

Hurry. Worry. Depression. Hate. Rancour. Spite. Self-love.

What heals? Is as green pastures and running brooks to sun-baked eyes?

Peace. Content. Good temper. Laughter Happiness. Love.

And if things do worry, people hurt, let us stop, think. Think a little of that great tract of mind—ours, and only to be reached by emotion, by suggestion, by taking thought.

Comfort it. Comfort it as we would a little child. Keep gentle words of love and life to repeat inaudibly to it. Drop happy thoughts upon it. Let them sink in as the gentle rain and dew from Heaven. And so, passing through the valley of Baca, we make of our own subconscious mind a well.

For if we remember to comfort this portion of mind, not only will it cease from feeling and spreading the ill effects of the harm done, but next time worry or hurt reach us, it will act as a faithful, though silent, ally.

Somehow—we cannot realize why—the ill we meet has not the same power. We have strengthened force within, and, instead of its being repelled and frightened at an attack, now aware of a reliable friend, it is able to play its natural and instinctive part

of martialling our physical strength to our assistance.

And if part of our mind is subconscious, the One Great Mind, the Motive-Power of Life, vitalizes all.

The One Mind, above all, and in all, and through all, contains our mind—the part that is mercifully hidden from our consciousness, just as much as that with which we commune. “For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do His good pleasure.”

Let Him do His good pleasure.

His servant, the subconscious mind, does not resist His Heavenly will. Let us range the conscious mind on the side of the good, the true, the beautiful by thinking thoughts of truth, peace and beauty.

“Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely . . . if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things.”

Think with the conscious mind, strong, positive, happy thought. Use the will to dispel the miserable, the lowering, the unpleasant.

Tone the upper portion of the mind, under immediate control to the very best at command. Keep strong, sustaining thought ready at hand with which to nurture and console it. So these two sections of the mind, no longer at cross-purposes, but both working His good pleasure, will be as one; and not only the inmost being, but very soon the outward life will be set about with blessings,—the Heavenly will fulfilled.

CHAPTER V

HOW TO GUARD AGAINST HYPNOTISM

PEOPLE who have not found their refuge are much more commonly hypnotized than they think.

Many are hypnotized by some belief, and are running to and fro, busily hypnotizing themselves and others into the wrong things.

What is hypnotism?

The best figure to employ for seeing the action of hypnotism is to imagine the motor-centres of the human brain as a circle of seven lamps, each lamp connected by a current fusing them equally.

Imagine that through intense concentration (say, for instance, upon the motor-centre of sight) a power is brought to bear almost exclusively upon one lamp, and this power has to be withdrawn from the far side of the circle, so that another lamp's light is weakened, and perhaps expires. So soon as the current ceases to circulate and light all seven

lamps equally, or that the light from a lamp is extinguished to feed another—so soon is hypnotism induced.

An immense rest may thus be produced.

Many of us push our powers to their utmost. One of the little lamps quenched, a load is lifted off “Brother Ass,” as St. Francis called the body, that perhaps he should not have been called upon to bear.

The quenching of this lamp, dimming the intelligence, leaves the body nothing to cope with save the body. Quickly the subconscious mind, no longer fearing interference, restores it.

But at what cost?

The current fusing the lamps has been broken. It has to be readjusted, and perhaps may never again fuse exactly how and where it did. And each time of breaking weakens the round, steady flow of the current.

Such is the action of hypnotism in deep slumber. But how many of us are concentrating power unduly on some one motor-centre?

Some fear arises. We stare at it spell-bound. Think of our seven lamps in connexion with this concentration, and the power

brought to bear upon one light, draining away from the other side of the circle to feed it.

We take some fad. It may be only clothes, or food. Are we pouring an undue concentration upon it? Because that power of concentration is fetched from something else. Is another lamp growing dim, while we feed the fad?

Then there is the power of suggestion we exercise, sometimes unwittingly, over one another.

“Look at this splendour of wealth!” the rich man, driving by in his fine equipage, seems to say. Possibly he might prefer to walk and get some exercise in his own muscles; but the tired man on the pavement does not know it. His eyes are caught by the dazzle of outward things. “If only I were rich,” he thinks, and slides away, hypnotized into a land of dreams—his mind unduly concentrated. Out goes some little lamp. Possibly the very one that could have lit him to his next step.

“Don’t do that!” some woman says to another. “Nobody does it.”

Round the circle flashes the power to con-

concentrate on some vanity of the senses. Balance is lost. A little lamp is quenched.

Women are so quick. Their fusing power rushes round the circle at this or that word. But if women are quickly moved, men are more stubbornly so. More difficult to lift out of a rut, if once they are in one. Impossible to make them believe any lamp of theirs is quenching.

This is one of the dangers of hypnotism; for the more surely one is hypnotized, either by self or others, the less we know it.

How are we to guard against it? How are we to render ourselves immune from a danger we may be bringing on ourselves from our own thought and consciousness?

It is simple—and always the same way that leads from gloom, darkness and perplexity into present realization of Everlasting Light. A Light that is in us and with us now; if we would but let it shine.

“Awake, thou that sleepest!” Don’t drop off into an hypnotic doze. Don’t slip away into a land of dreams; for the Christ Power shall give light. In Him is Life, and this Life is the light of men.

Realize at once that the current fusing our

little lamps of motor-centres is the One Great Current. Let this sane, sound current flow freely—by knowing our unity with it.

Arise, and, in this knowledge, shine; for the Light of real reason has come.

We are not cut off, apart. We are not miserable units, fighting the battle of life alone. We are not even separate one from the other. The poor man, walking on the pavement, is walking by exactly the same Power, which enables the rich man to sit (and very possibly be bored) in his carriage. Why is he bored? Because of this Power. It only wants one thing, and that is to act. Possibly his very riches are chains binding him, and the poor man can give it larger scope for action. But if either man is less happy than the other, it is not material objects for which he is craving, it is for the loosening of the Power within him.

“Nobody does it,” indeed! Does the inner “I” ask for this thing to be done? Does the Power behind suggest there is life in this action?

If so, let us do it. If not, refrain.

What? Are we to bring God Himself into little things?

'Are we His children? Is He the Heavenly Father? Is it in Him we live and move and have our being?

. Then vivify all acts, little as well as big, with the abundant supply of Life and Light Eternal, "Without money and without price," for it is far above money, above the realm of price. Ours for the taking.

CHAPTER VI

HEALING BY THE CHECKING OF SIN

THERE is a healing power in every sinner. It is the power by which he sins.

Don't think we are sinning on our own life-energy.

Free-will may have turned the life-power in the wrong direction. If so, we are fortunate if we still retain enough hold on the reins to draw up and stop when we choose. The wild steed of carnal desire may have the bit between his teeth, and our whole manhood must be exerted in deathly struggle before we can arrest and dismiss him.

If Life—the one and only Life—were not flowing through us, we should never have had the strength to mount that steed and go away upon his back. We knew that when we began to sin; one kind of sinner is always calling out that he wants to see life.

“Behold, we have set before you this day life and death, blessing and cursing. . . .

Choose Life that you and your seed may live."

If we are sniggling through life, neither saint nor sinner, these words may not mean much. But the more we are steeped in sin, the more frightfully home these words will strike us. If not now—then only to do so with yet more force a little time hereafter.

Sin carries its own narcotic. "The wages of sin is death."

The dead man does not know he is dead. He would not be dead if he did know.

What in us is dying? What may soon be dead?

Why, the very Power we spoke of first, the life force by whose power alone we had strength to tread that path.

Are we free to leave it? If so, the Power of Life, alive in us, is still allied to the smaller self.

Are we fettered, bound, chained?

Are our tastes stronger than we are?

Then our inner "I" is a miserable, pale, sickly prisoner.

We alone can free it. And yet these words should be unwritten. Alone we cannot do it. But through our own self go back and

deeply down, find once more the child we were, still alive in us. Ally it to the One Life Power. The uprush of Life Eternal is there. Every time we use it to withstand old habits, temptations, we are forging Living Power in the self. It is like bearing pain—it is pain to put the thing from us. Employ Power to bear that pain; the pain will pass, the Power remain.

There are men with calm eyes, quiet voices, who can say steadily: "I was a great sinner." They know the inward strength.

Oh! Power of Life misled, misdirected!

Don't think the temptation bigger than another man's. It was not. That is only to call oneself more feeble than others. Don't upbraid those who went before and call it hereditary weakness. That again is not only to slander a great race of forbears, but to decry our own self, the one within who is "I,"—the eternal tie with the All-Father.

But rather here and now prove the God-given Power of Life to be surging more strongly than through many of our fellow-men.

Choose Life. Live Life. The strong, inward Life—not the mere grasping of outward

apples that glitter to the senses. Despise them. We, who are so much greater than they.

Know our own force. Take it from the One Source. Use it, and thus earn its strength. Power will well up and surge. Power of Life, not death; of active blessing, not negative cursing.

Do we want to be strong?

Be strong.

Yes, and this to the bold sinner. And how about those who walk, or even sidle, respectably along and nourish many a secret little snake, gnawing vitals to bodily destruction?

Such as have friends among the Quakers, know that these spiritually-minded people do not work directly for the healing of the body. They would rather heal the spirit. They would repulse sinful, hurtful, unkind thought, not for the betterment of their bodies, but for the good of the soul. Nevertheless, this raising of the spiritual self has an undoubted physical effect, perhaps the more certain because unselfishly sought. An effect that tells not only on the body, but on the environment of the life.

When Our Lord in healing said: "Thy

sins are forgiven thee''; such a loosening of chains, such a lifting of the burden occurred, such a rush of Life through mind and heart, that the very desire to sin was wiped away, and the Life-Power gladly rushed into all those channels that lead inevitably to health, joy, contentment and achievement.

What does it hurt to think?

Of that man we cannot forgive. He did a bad, mean thing years ago, and we have been doing a bad, mean thing ever since in nourishing remembrance of it.

And how about that little habit of back-biting, of repeatings things, that way of seeing the worst instead of seeing the best?

Take our bad thoughts and place them in a mental scale, and put our bodily ills in the other.

If we can weigh them fairly, we are not far from the Kingdom of God.

But we may be hypnotized by self-pity? The most decimating of all hypnotic beliefs!

If we are, we are quite incapable of using any mental weighing machine. Self-pity will pull the scale down to the ground and hold it there, though the very Love of God may be heaping the other scale with blessings.

Pity whomsoever we like, and there is generally a grain of contempt in pity. But as we honour the Life-Power, the One making and re-making us, at every moment—don't pity the channel He has chosen in choosing ourselves.

Are we down? Then fear no fall, and start building on that sure and safe foundation.

Is there a pick and shovel in the land? Is there a broom and a corner to be swept? Then up and do it! Don't stand about with empty hands pitying the self. We shall pity it into nothing but hopeless, helpless misery, perhaps into sin.

Pity that poor man coming down the street and give him a smile. Already we are givers, —bread-givers. We have taken our stand among Nature's nobility, those natural leaders of men, upon whom other men and women and little children lean.

Ah! That glorious *Noblesse oblige*. To find oneself a Bread-giver¹ by necessity. So full of the living Spirit of God that it must overflow. The poor and necessitous, even among the rich, recognize it and come to us

¹ The word *lady* comes from a Saxon root, meaning the Bread-giver.

for it. Hungry hands pull at our skirts. Hungry eyes look to our eyes. And we have the grain, Heavenly grain, to give in large measure; yes, pressed down and overflowing.

Seek bravely the sin that may be impairing the general constitution. That is where our power lies. Not only those sins of the flesh, that—mercifully—bring their own immediate scourge, but small sins of the character, have their effect upon the general health. A mean, grasping nature does not make for strength. Resentment nourished may undermine a constitution. All who suffer from jealousy know what a devastating force it is; force wasted, wrongly directed. Habitual deceit will doubtless have its effect upon the body of the wretched soul who practises it. Yet, we may justly object, the wicked do flourish like the green bay tree. Perhaps a peculiarly hard and stubborn kind of body and soul may seem to stand unharmed, in spite of insidious enemy within. But some negative quality, some stop in his own character, will prevent such a man reaching even his higher physical possibilities.

Reverse the shield: The frank, open-hearted man doubles his chances in a fight

for life. The gentle-minded, happy-hearted woman, pursuing an even tenor of way, is likely to be richly blessed with health. While a striving after excitement, an altering of the pace of life—one of the evils of the present day—is bound to reap the harvest that its owner has sown.

The pace of life! It is a thing to study. Let us not live in spurts and bounds, but set the pace quietly at the opening of the day, at the opening of life. Live like the stars, "Unhasting, unresting." And when the fret, the stir, the peevish excitement unsettles and disturbs with a sense that we must be hurrying to some unknown goal, rest, "Rest in the Lord, wait patiently on Him," and as we give the soul time to achieve, to come all the way, to develop and possess itself in peace, He will give us largely. Yes, even as it is written, "Your heart's desire."

CHAPTER VII

HELP IN PAIN

POSITIVE and imperious minds do much for the health of the body by denying pain. We all know the boy who treats scratches carelessly.

"It's nothing," he says, and, resenting the stinging smart, thrusts them out of sight, and as far as possible out of mind.

There is the woman who is "too busy to be ill"; and the man who considers a sneezing fit a personal insult, and says he never has a cold.

All these people thrust weakness from them by fierce and instinctive denial that ill should have any power over them, and thus assist the stronger forces in their own frames to oust the enemy.

Gentle natures, even when suffering from little ills, are more likely to find relief in the power of assertion than in denial. And to strong and weak alike in moments of over-

whelming agony, when waters of trouble close overhead, denial (a merely negative thing) is useless; while steadfast assertion brings relief and comfort.

At such moments it is sometimes difficult to concentrate the thought. Strong, simple statements are needed. A few are given here in the first person, so that one can apply them silently.

Pause over each sentence. Let it sink quietly and fully into the consciousness, into the body. Ponder them in the heart. Hold each separate thought firmly before passing to the next.¹

I have a pain. I accept and locate it.

Then, setting in as far on one side as it will let me, I concentrate my thought upon my healer, Life or Love.

If Life—I know that life is a force, a gift, alien from me, yet intimately bound up in me, I know that it is here and now strong within me—stronger than this gnawing pain.

I bring my being up, away from the pain, into my Spirit, where my life, the gift of God, is surging.

¹ In the case of assisting others, either by thought or the spoken word, change the pronoun into "you" or "he and she."

Steadily I repeat and know that in Him I live, I move and have all my being.

I know that as I consciously bring myself thus in contact with Him, He pours vigour and healing through His Channel, life, into me, His Child.

If Love be my healer, I lie quiescent, waiting, knowing that in my own nerves and veins, all around the odious pain, where as yet it is not penetrating, Love lies ready and willing to lay a healing touch. I am the Child of God, and God is Love. My agony is not me. It is alien to me. But the very essence of my existence holds, contains and is love. I state it. I affirm it strongly. I feel it. It has passed from my head into my heart, into my organs and my limbs. The darkness around me teems with Love. I lean my aching heart upon the Knowledge of that Love, and slowly, but very certainly, my Heavenly Father fills me with divine glow, helps and heals me with this force.

The pain may not be physical, but mental. Apply these healing thoughts in just the same way.

We are lonely? We are afraid of the people we meet? They seem to look askance

at us, for we are poor and sad; and, like the Levite in the parable, they pass by on the other side?

Do not wait for a good Samaritan. Be one. Among those very Levites are sore hearts and unrealized desires. They are lonely; but we are not, for we are realizing the everlasting Presence of God's own forces around and in us. We are strong and happy, abiding in the knowledge that deep within ourselves is a quiet source, life of our life, drawing vitality from Him, Who is "One, because He is All."

The Divine within the breast is aching for recognition, for love from those others who, like ourselves, are reflecting the only Power; because this wish is not satisfied, we believe ourselves to be alone.

Go out to them. If we meet rebuff, pity the self-deluding heart that gives it. But we will not meet rebuff. As surely and silently as water finds its own level, so surely will the Divine in us have rest and satisfaction, where it finds its own in others.

And here we find the key of life. This is life. Living is loving. Loving is living. Otherwise we see men as trees walking.

Otherwise we exist. We draw empty air, not teeming life, with every breath.

Minutes of concentration lift the spirit into its own plane, giving it space and peace to do healing work. This effort helps, too, for the other hourly practice of guarding the mind from hurtful thought.

There are two wolves constantly attacking our physical frames; and instead of recognizing the enemy, we make pets of these beasts, cherish and feed them carefully. They are Worry and Fear.

So long as these insidious creatures are one's constant companions, it will be impossible to attain highest possibilities. And this does not mean casting away caution. Far from it. The Spirit within is infinitely wise. If given freedom to live and express itself, it will warn and advise; but if Fear and Worry sit on the heart the Spirit will retreat to some quiet, inner place, waiting to be summoned to assist in their dismissal.

Thought can only be driven out by thought. If bad, hurtful thought molest, think—and think hard—something else.

Keep a positive assertion in a corner of the

mind, and, when either of these evils attack us, drive them out and defeat them by strong, uplifting thought.

Say, "The Spirit of God hath made me," or, if another is giving anxiety, "hath made him." This spirit can walk through fire unharmed, and so can we and our beloved.

Let us know it.

It is our own thought that gives the evil power to molest us. Walk through its midst;—yea, even through the Valley of the Shadow of Death with the Staff of Life Eternal in hand, and these conditions, transient in their very nature, will pass, and we shall find our true self presently on the sunny slopes of the pastures of God.

Is there a lion in the path? Shall we turn tail, show fear? Or advance boldly, and let him do the slinking aside?

Fine talk indeed until the lion is actually there, and what then?

Attack in one's own small strength? No. The forces we are calling upon are stronger than any lion's. So soon as we begin to use them, we shall know as an actual spiritual fact that Daniel walked, unharmed, in the lion's den.

There is only one way of proving it—by deeds, not words.

One may say certain things. Another accept or refute them. The proof alone can be in the doing. That no one can do except our own self.

We are doing work, perhaps, or our existence seems fixed in some sphere that we dislike? It does not give scope? It is daily drudgery, even misery to us?

Lift up the heart! Know that what is in us is strong, lasting, eternal in us with the strength and eternity of Him who made it. Do not chafe because we do not see the outcome, the product, the appreciation of others at our gift. Know that it is there, deathless within us, and the outward circumstance will seem a slighter thing.

And in holding that thought, the power inside us, that perhaps we believe is being starved, will strengthen and grow. It will no longer be chafed by external nerves working in the wrong direction. The well within us now has power to renew itself at the spring of eternal life, and surely, though perhaps slowly, we shall come into our own.

Then there are those who cry: "Everything

comes to me when I cease to care about it."

Why have we ceased to care? We have not really. It is a way of cheating the self into believing that the frail and ephemeral pleasure we take in matters upon which we set our young heart is not all we expected it to be. No, and it would not have been so had we received it ten, twenty years sooner. The mere passing of years, the alteration of seasons, make no impression upon our essential selves. At eighty we do not feel very differently to what we did at eight. We may put on different modes of expression as we certainly have put on different clothes. That inward "I" may have changed in its choice of toys; but in its essential essence we know in our hearts that it is the same.

And this is a fresh glory, a new assurance of the immortal within us.

CHAPTER VIII

POWER IN FORGIVENESS

[A TALK BETWEEN THE TWO INNER SELVES]

I CAN'T forgive. Don't ask me to forgive. No. That is beyond my power.

Your power indeed! Are you working again on your own power? Have you tapped the God-Power? Have you tried Power at its Source and found out what it can do?

I don't want to tap the Source for that purpose. I prefer not to forgive.

That at least is honest; but you've shut a door, slammed it in your own face.

Very well, I've slammed it.

So you don't pray: "Forgive me my trespasses, as I forgive them that trespass against me"?

That's all right. Of course God forgives. He understands everything.

But you are too small to understand?

I may be small; but I won't stoop to their smallness. Mean, sly, backstairs' ways. Forgive them? No, I'd send them rather to the place . . .

Stop! Can you put them in that place?

No, I can't; but I'd like . . .

At least you are open. You don't pretend.

Oh! I'm generally open.

Stop again! You are not open to forgiveness.

I don't know about that. I often feel as if God had wiped out a lot of my silliness. And I forgive pretty readily too. A lot of things don't touch me now. I've got into a bigger place.

But you can't feel big about . . . you know what?

No, I can't. Though it's true I could wipe out the past and say it's gone. But it always comes up again and always the same people. Have I forgiven? Yes, unto seventy times seven. And then it happens all over again.

I don't believe you have really forgiven. You have smeared over the top. The fire is smouldering beneath all the time. What a waste of force! Fire that might be used for larger purposes.

I'm human. This is the place I'm in, and here I'll stop.

All right. But if you hold rancour in your spirit, don't be surprised if it gets into your body.

Then I'll just bear it, if it hurts my body: like I'm bearing this.

Then you are bearing it? It hurts you?
Like Hell.

Then you've gone into the place you say you are wishing for? . . .

Seems like it. We're an awful queer lot, we human people. Everything's upside down. Yes, that's the truth. I've come a long way; but there's one range of thoughts that still lights hell-fire all round me. Forget it? I only wish I could forget!

Don't forget. Forgive.

I don't know what the word means. I'd like to forgive. It's a fine, big thing to do. But I don't know how to set about it.

Let us think about taking forgiveness. We feel as if circumstances and motives, half-hidden, had pushed us into actions which we despise and hate having done. But the Supreme Life-Power sees all, knows all. He forgives. Then too He is so much bigger

than we. We may look shocked when the children steal the gooseberries; but we aren't really. And yet we are.

We are awfully hurt that just our own children should have done something mean and underhand. But we believe that their own bigger selves are hurt too. That something in them is mortified. Some bigger self, who would never stoop to that little act. In our inward vision we tear away the little, mean person, who did the act, from the Larger Self, who is their essential reality.

But at least we tell the children they have done wrong, you say? We appeal to the better one inside each child?

And is there not a better one inside those who injure us? And has not each one a Heavenly Father, communing in his own breast? Can we not trust Him to tell them in His own good time?

*Nor in thy folly say, I am alone,
For seated in thy breast, as on a throne,
The Ancient Judge and Witness liveth still.*

When we sorrow over the mean deeds done against us, when we grieve that the offenders are offending against the Holy One in their

own breasts—as with our children—we are on the road towards forgiving them.

With the children we are helped because we don't mind that the gooseberries are taken. We can do without them. We only mind that the little ones sinned against their own better selves.

But if we were furious about the gooseberries? . . .

Are we furious about the gooseberries?

Then, too, there is the Mother-love forgiveness.

When mother comes round with her candle at night and finds her boy breathing evenly, his crisp, gold curls on the pillow, the round cheek rosy and soft—she remembers how he hurt her by those sharp, rude words at his midday dinner. But she thinks of the long road before her little boy. How far he must travel! The soft cheek will harden, the golden curls some day be white; and her heart rushes out in a flood over her boy. She doesn't want him to remember, in the days when the hard path of life will bring him to a place of understanding, that he hurt his mother that day. And he won't remember. The long way he will travel will put too many

pictures in his mind for this little one to rise again. By the time he is big enough to see it he will have gone so far.

If we could remember all our sins, the load would be so awful we could never stagger farther. No, no, she would never have him remember! How happy she is! Bending over and enveloping her little son in the strong, embracing thoughts of everlasting Love.

There is Power in her Forgiveness. It has the life force of fire. It is penetrating, flooding Love, reaching her boy as well as transforming her.

The hell-fire burns outside and around us.

The Love-fire streams through our very being.

The Love-fire is the very Heart of the One I AM. This is sharing the Mind which was also in Christ Jesus. This is the Power by which He stayed in the bosom of the Father, yet stooped into the very understanding of the sinner. This made both His manhood and His Godhead—this one continuous, unbroken stream of the very Love of the Living God.

Can we taste this stream of Love, drink of

this Living Water, unless we ourselves make of our very bodies a channel for It?

“Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.” Yes, this last clause makes us active participators in the very Love of God.

Even the Christ upon the Cross linked Himself with this glorious Power.

Could He rise again unless by the strength and might of every Power invisible?

He opened His Heart to this Heavenly Flood. “Father, forgive them! They know not what they do.” His outstretched arms poured Forgiveness from the Great Heart of All, the Heart that throbs and gives life, not only from above, but in and through each one of us.

This act of giving forgiveness makes us one with the Heavenly Father.

We sit beneath as separate atoms and take forgiveness of our own sins at His hands; but we have to open our hearts to His very Heart, and let that Heart beat within us before we can forgive.

Are we one with the Father?

If we are still wandering—Forgive and be One.

CHAPTER IX

THE SECOND SELF

THERE is a self behind the self. Calm and collected, it looks on at all that happens, while the busy little top self is giving way to fuss, flurry and emotion.

Sometimes children find the way to this place within themselves but often lose it again when sense of responsibility is added with advancing years.

Calamity or deep sorrow may lead us back to an abiding quietude within. It is not that nothing matters now the worst has happened, as on-lookers may be disposed to think; it is that far within is a well of life; but we have to let go of outward sustenance, of the things at which we clutch, know them to be frail and perishable, changing and breaking, by their very nature, before we can find the inward source of an unending existence, not only in us but in our dear ones.

Sometimes people live together for years, glimpsing little more than each other's outside. The one who really dwells within they do not know, not in son, father, brother, nor, yet more strange, even in themselves.

Men who take their lives in their hands, face extremities, hourly dangers, above all if these dangers be out in God's wilds, unconsciously acquire some quiet strength that is drawn from their own depths. These are men that it makes for happiness to meet and that every little child instinctively trusts. They are gentle and tender, rarely disquieted, never fussing, entering into the real and enjoying a true sense of balancing humour.

We need not go to the back woods nor face death daily to acquire this quiet strength. It is possible to have it just where we are—to have it and be it.

Too often it is believed that one's own particular trouble—more trying of course than other people's—completely bars the way. If any think so, let them know a blinded soldier; be with the strong fellow when one dares not put out a hand to help him in his helplessness for fear of increasing his resentment that this degrading infirmity

has happened to him. Wounded, he will crash into a wall rather than let another hand guide him past it. Maddened, a giant in prison, he feels the black walls close relentlessly round him. Down and down into deeper depths, yet further into himself he goes, until he finds the quiet waters of the well of life bubbling up inside him. Here is his strength, his constant comrade, his power to help others, even if he has first to help them by letting them help him. Presently God's own sunshine plays upon his face, not from without but from within. Then his neighbours seek him, not to cheer and lift, but to be cheered and lifted.

Still there is always the case of Pity the Poor Blind Man. Pity the poor blind man with eyes that know not how to see and ears that hear not a whisper of life's true gladness. These blind are constantly about him, though the blind man can see.

Thousands of living people are waiting till they are dead to be happy, if we believe the hymns they piously proclaim.

Yet the kingdom of God, to which they are looking, is within.

Smile and smile now! Be kind and be kind this minute. It is the smile that we do not

feel inclined to smile, the cheer behind the cheer that carries all before it. It is the love behind the love, ours to give and win back from all, over the counter, in the workshop, the street, the committee-room, the club. Ours to be the serene, ever-reigning second self.

What sight more pathetic than the decking out of the little ageing top-self in the clothes of youth, putting on paint, powder, artificial aids? And yet how everlasting the belief prompting these silly acts that the self has not changed and though hair and teeth are failing, life has not? Others, accepting the change of outward appearance, are yet so full of this internal life that they do not seem to age.

Blücher, springing to the saddle in the sixties, was called the Silver Youth. Such silver youths are known in most families. They add the charm, vivacity, spring of life to the dignity, purpose and added weight of their years. This vitality is of the spirit, shining irresistibly, even though years show their traces on the lantern containing the light—often delaying decay by the force of this inward life. The step springs. Serenity

and health smooth out wrinkles. The truth of age, unconcealed, adds its own power and fascination. Sincerity and sympathy flow from such people, who are the friends of all. What age are they? It does not matter. They have gone into the place where it does not count. Every one feels as they talk to them—even little children and very old men—as if they were their own age.

“The gods are free from decrepitude,” chants one of the oldest songs in the world.

There is a youth behind youth. It is the you behind the you. The I behind the I. The Self behind the self.

Our existence is dual. Each one of us hears the clamouring call of matter to matter, and can know the everlasting stillness of Spirit. We have to decide in which we will abide and dwell.

It is not necessary to deny the material of which we are made nor the lawful happiness it gives us; but rather to increase that happiness by looking through the perishable form in which it is presented to the internal spirit, which alone creates, not only that external thing but in us the power of knowing and appreciating it.

“I pervade all things. On Me the universe is strung as gems upon a string.”

Strangely delightful is this way of handling life. It does not mean cutting down, forbidding, but always calls to action—to beautiful and fastidious expression, rather than to blunt and dour expulsion.

Repression of painful emotion nearly always leads to physical disease. We need not repress but banish the pain with flow of life.

If the pain be physical, do not waste time denying it; but assert that the very force, making one capable of feeling pain, can rearrange molecules, destroy destructive animalculæ and above all fill with so strong a sweep of life that ill must go out before it.

If resentment and anger attack mind and body, lift the self into so large a place, take such kingly attitude, that the lesser acts of others fail to have dominion. Even if result is left upon the environment of life, this too must finally yield to the uprush of internal power. Some larger thing, as yet undreamt, may be obtained that would have been impossible but for that very obstruction. If doors close, others beyond may open to wider

views and fairer prospects, so long as life-power within compels to right action.

If separation from those we love, agony possibly at their foolish acts comes upon us, do not deny and repress that natural anguish. Crucifix nails pierce sharply, cruelly; yet resurrection must prevail. Waves of sorrow sweep the system, bitter is the cup, but in its dregs lurks sweetness. O strange sweet Power immovably fixed in the beloved! No harm can everlastingly slay or stain. Silence may fall between, but deeply through the silence the still voice of everlasting Love penetrates, perhaps more surely for the stilling of clamourous chatter. Those whom God hath joined together nothing can put asunder.

In all difficulties, trials, dilemmas, feel the self larger not smaller, strong to bear, long-thinking to forbear. If strokes must be laid, let all feel one would not hesitate to lay them on oneself.

If life harrows, bring laughter and sunshine from the inner self to gladden and hearten the way. The very gates of Hell cannot prevail against the inner sunlight. Be more not less. Find those who need loving-

kindness, shower it on them, feel the glow of God's own love coursing through the system. Do not look for gratitude, but feel the activity of the power of giving flowing through oneself. If return comes, take it as a glad surprise, a gift, never as something to be expected, for it is far harder to receive graciously than to give.

Faced with a hungering multitude Our Lord did not send for further supplies, but took the lowly food that was offered. Five barley loaves and two small fishes sufficed. He took them and blessed them and brake them. If we did this with the circumstances, friends, ties, joys that lie around us, speedily our strength would be taxed to cope with all that multiplied into our lives.

If evil suggestion were as strong as good, we should soon knock ourselves to pieces. If, for instance, every unkind thought meant a headache. But "stronger is He that is in us than he that is of the world." A little turning to the good, an endeavour, a will in the purposeful direction rights the helm and the ship obeys, rides over the waves, instead of lolloping in the trough.

Strong sane thoughts should be kept at

hand to pour through the mind into the body. Repetition need not be dreaded. Our nerves and cells love familiar repetition just as children do. Know oneself man and master,—sweeter still, woman and mistress, one with the divine will and life, here to express love and laughter, strength and help.

Fresh birth thus arises out of the dark miasma of bewildered, hurt, aching thought. Pain is but an incentive to achievement. We can turn, even on to one who injures, the blazing light of God's own sunshine. We can get into the place of the one who is looking on, and slip into the self behind the self, as a runner gains his second wind.

We can be Life Everlasting at this moment, sense its scintillating power, feel the glory and share the shout of triumph of the ancient Egyptian:

“I am the possessor of the Second Life forever!”

CHAPTER X

DAILY SPIRITUAL EXERCISES

THERE are two moments in every life, even the most busy, teeming with healing to those who look to the power of Spirit to overcome ills of this world.

The first, when the conscious mind takes up work in the morning; and the second—the most healing of all—before it lays aside thought for the night.

The Temple of the body will soon be closing its door. The door-keeper, the conscious mind, will be off duty during long, quiet hours. Let him, as he is an honest fellow, see to it that all is well before closing down for the night. Let no phantoms of anxiety and sorrow go wandering the night long through the corridors. Let no burglar of bitterness and hate be hidden away to break forth and steal the treasures of love and peace from the Safe Place.

When all is quiet, let him commit his charge in confidence to One who slumbereth not.

The Love of God is your safeguard. Commit yourself and those dear to you to the Father's care. Fall asleep in the shelter of His arms, and during the whole night Forces of Life and Love will pass through the unconscious frame.

Let the morning return to consciousness be strong, bright and happy. Have some cheerful, positive thought ready at the pillow for the best self to lay hold of the moment it begins to stir.

As soon as we break through the heavy clouds of sleep, let the conscious mind, like the rising sun, send rays of joyous activity through our body, through our environment. Dispel the clouds with positive, joyous life. Let morning prayer be praise. Praise Him from Whom all blessings flow! Lift up the heart. Yes, lift it up! Don't let the fellow be a lag-a-bed. Lift it up to the Lord of Power and Might. Glory be to God on High! Can we feel the true self rising? Bigger and greater with each day's awakening? More sure of the self? More positive, shining right out from our own centre with a Light that

burns steadily? Arise, shine, for the Light has come!

We should bless our work, our home, our business, or the place where our activities lie. Every man and woman has an active, positive power of blessing. Use it. Begin in doubt, if we must; soon we shall find that ruts smooth away, obstacles do not rise, and that there is greater power in oneself to act lovingly, largely and to deal rightly with the daily friction one is bound to meet.

When annoyances rise, if difficult paths have to be chosen, ally the self quickly and silently with the One Who knows.

And the change will be in our own self.

That's where we want it to be. We shall be big enough, strong enough, quiet enough to meet every emergency that life may thrust upon us.

At least once a day (it is well to do this on first leaving the house) empty the body entirely of all breath. Nature, who abhors vacuum, fills us quickly, and sweeps all the corners of the lungs with her fresh, disinfecting broom.

If, as we refill, we take in with the air some strong, inspiring thought, the very limbs will

respond and reply with renewed vigour. Why creep on the earth when we can mount with wings, aye, with the wings of the young eagle? Why rely on the mere play of earthly joints and muscles when we can be filled with heavenly fire?

It is the practice of these simple things that make perfect, yes, even the perfect man, made in the image and likeness—not of dead dust—but of the Living God.

Here is a plain breathing exercise: Draw breath steadily through both nostrils, filling the lungs, counting mentally and slowly.

Hold the breath in the lungs, counting again slowly to the self-same number. Exhale steadily, again counting and keeping the rhythm by emptying the chest on the same number.

The rhythm is of greater importance than long duration of breath. In preserving this, we follow the great spiritual law:

Receive.

Hold.

Give.

A trinity that should be of equal parts in all things in the life of a just man.

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A strong thought can be entertained throughout the exercise. Such as :

I inhale the Love that is All.

I hold the Love that is All.

I pour forth the Love that is All.

Or any other force that may meet the needs of the moment.

In the train or on a journey, it is well to say inwardly: "Love prepares the place to which I go."

Let us send thought out before us like good angels to prepare happiness and peace and welcome.

Let us take positive good to those we meet, knowing that men will be gentler, women the stronger and little children the gladder for our stay. This is not conceit; for all the time we know well it is never done in our own strength, but by the strange, sweet power retained within us by the complete betterment and daily renewing of what we used so foolishly to consider our own strength, before we knew its source.

Before an important interview send an

active thought of good-will to the one we are going to see.

Life of the Spirit deepens and sweetens the more we lay hold upon it. Fresh meanings and interests arise on all sides. A different poise in oneself will make things and people seem to take on a new aspect.

Let us take, if we can, a few moments' relaxation some time during the day, perhaps before the evening meal.

Place the body in a chair or couch that completely supports it. Tell arms, legs, fingers, ankles to relax fully. Loosen and ease the neck. Bid sensation cease and repose take its place. Bid thought withdraw from the brain. Rest. . . . Rest. . . . Rest. . . .

Open the self to the soothing divine current of peace, slowly passing from the very depth of our being. An even stream flows through the breast from the pure river of the water of life. No light is needed now, no candle in this quiet place; for the Lord God giveth light, even in the dark places. Close the eyes of the senses that the eyes of the mind may see more clearly. Soon the inner ear shall hear the still, warm invitation of the Spirit, saying to the weary: "Come."

"I cannot close these pages without a plea for the little ones.

Mothers! Yours is the most blessed privilege on earth. To guard and guide those little lives, those little hearts right into the fold of the Heavenly love.

Are you leaving your little lambs out at night, wandering away with their own sad, little, bitter thoughts to far hillsides, where wolves are ravaging, and there is no soft place for little heads? When the rustle of your dress on the stairs can mean so much, the voice that can ring far down the ages, until your babies are worn men and old women, the voice that the little lambs love and follow gladly, leading to the one fold, to their tender Shepherd.

"Feed my lambs." These were the last words of the Holy One when He walked the earth. All those who practice these truths will find themselves doing it. Forces of Life and Love flowing through us will find their natural outlet. This is the highest and best, the most strengthening of all spiritual exercises. Are we hungering? Feed another. Are we parched for the want of drops of living water? Hold the cup to the lips of a

thirsty one. Not only are we comforting that One, Who said: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least . . ." but we are sustaining the Holy One, Who dwells within each breast. Fill the self largely with the love of God, and His lambs will be fed.

CHAPTER XI

THE ROAD TO ACHIEVEMENT

Do not doubt the power of God within to heal. Do not starve this power of God, nor fall away from the best inheritance through heedlessness or sloth.

Do not expect miraculous cures on first turning attention to these thoughts.

The building of the spirit is slow, laborious. We must work from within on our own spiritual basis, and if at first the body needs external aid, take old Mother Earth's natural remedies. Pills and powders need not be spurned any more than natural food: but by degrees, with gentle perseverance, the necessity of medicines will be gone.

In the breast of each one of us—in the most worldly important as well as in the most lowly—is One that needs care, comfort, sustenance.

“The Holy Spirit which dwelleth in thee

shall be pure, and not be darkened by any evil spirit; but being full of joy shall be enlarged and feast in the body in which it dwells.'"

If the centre of existence is set in the happiness natural to it, evil can have no lasting power.

Bodily illness is a symptom, an upthrow from an ill that exists far beneath the surface.

If the Spirit is in grievous pain, sad, depressed, mortified, sooner or later its message will pass through and into the earthly vessel containing it; and even into those circumstances of life making its immediate environment.

Let us reverse the process. Not from without, but from within shall happiness and true prosperity spring, blossom and bring forth fruit.

Sown perhaps a tiny seed in the still place of the heart, watered daily with sane suggestions, our sense of life, here and now, will become a mighty tree, springing within us to everlasting strength and beauty; sheltering others, beside ourselves.

No one but the own self can ever truly comfort the Holy One within—in so many

hearts left and neglected like some lonely child.

When we go into a quiet room and shut the door, we are alone with it. Comfort it. Nourish it; and that little Holy One will grow, wax strong in Spirit, fill with wisdom, while the grace of God, the Uplifter of the Universe, rests within it.

Keep the self hourly in touch with the One Source of all supply by recognizing His care for us, as we partake of every daily need.

See our Heavenly Father's care for us, even if for the moment He feeds us on broken meat that others have left. Take it, not from the one who cast it from his door, but take and eat it from the hands of Him who gives all.

Ally the self now and directly by the humblest—or maybe the grandest—things of life to Him by the simple fact of accepting all as gifts directly from Him; so we shall live in the Realm of the Spirit.

Does he teach the squirrel to lay by nuts? He will work through us so that our material supply shall not be lacking.

Does he send sunshine and rain for the

harvest? Sow our seeds, knowing that He will not fail.

The thought of thankfulness brings peace instead of anxiety. Peace will give our own mind leisure and space in which to work.

If we go in quietness and confidence where inner guiding calls us, it may be we shall find something that might have been overlooked, or never offered, if we had rushed about in wild despair.

Does the question arise, why should not we be helped by outward circumstances as other people are?

We shall be helped and hindered, too, by outward circumstances. This is a rule of life, and we are no exception. Help and hindrance, both will come, as sun follows after rain; but unless there is something to germinate in the very self, we shall get sustenance from neither.

Can we draw sustenance from hindrance?

Certainly. To bear pain, merely passively to endure it, is to use power. The pain will pass but the power is ours for ever and ever.

And it is rarely pain that stands between us and the Holy One that heals—not pain, nor sorrow, nor disappointment. These are

often good angels, drawing us to the very place where comfort can be found.

But if pain and sorrow do drive to the best, within and without us, they should not be our chosen comrades.

Let us bravely accept their guiding, follow the warning finger; but having found the Inward Rest and Peace and Happiness, part from sorrow in quiet dignity; and daily find ourselves without conscious effort, less troubled by pain.

“Take with you . . . words,” said the prophet of old. Let us learn the inner consolation of some simple words to apply quickly and readily to all those sore places, often disregarded, that may rise and fester within us.

Words heal.

Such words are—Life, Love, Spirit, Fire, Wholeness, Peace.

It is a little thing to carry a word with one all day; and yet that word may become flesh in our daily deeds, and re-incarnate in our living bodies.

An unseen force is working surely, silently, irresistibly within us. We may learn the control of the inner self, and by constant suggestion, by nourishing it with sane, sweet

thought, ally it to all that is highest and best within our knowledge; thus bringing our being into direct communion with Him Who is Life and Love.

Then it is that we experience a great amelioration, a betterment in every condition of existence. Not only health improves, but we are happy. We are more useful to ourselves and others. We find the real, true self, and the conditions that interfered with natural growth will break away and disappear.

The work will not be all on one side. We may begin in difficulty and doubt, pushing up from seeming darkness; but Light from above will quickly diffuse and shine upon the path. The life latent in us is but a poor thing compared with the Life that is its origin. We are invoking Heavenly Powers. Claim the inheritance. Be a child of God. Reach up and out to Him, knowing in Him immortality, in Him the inward source, the spring from all that is eternal. Rejoice in these things. We, too, are of the Kingdom of Heaven within us. Find it. Abide in it. Do not stint nor starve the inner nature; but let it blossom forth to love largely, live

largely; and we shall find not only our true being, but the strong, constant Presence of our Father, which is in Heaven.

Watch the self. Watch the hasty word, check the unkind action. It may injure others. It must injure us.

Realize daily, hourly, the Source of strength. Draw upon it. Pour it forth freely.

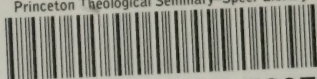
Let us work out our own salvation; if at times with tears and sweat, thinking upon Him Who repudiated the devil's suggestion that He should use His spiritual attainments for His own gratification, Who lifted His Cross and bade us follow.

And when with rejoicing . . . why then: "Sing we merrily unto God our Strength."

THE END

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